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# HIGBEE MAGAZINE

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VOL. 3.

MAY 1909

No. 8.

# HIGBEE SCHOOL

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for GIRLS

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## HIGBEE MAGAZINE

Issued monthly by students of Higbee School,  
Memphis, Tenn.

VOL. II MAY 1909 No. 3

With this issue of the Magazine, the school years of 1908-09 comes to an end. The Staff hopes it has been a happy one for all. Next September, 1910 will assume the responsibility of this paper, an undertaking in which we wish them every success.

Following last year's plan, the June issue has been made a chronicle of the last days of school. For that reason, we

have printed a description of Class Day and the programs of Commencement and the revivals.

The second volume of the Sphinx was placed in the hands of subscribers on the 17th of May. Much of the credit for the book belongs to the Business Manager, Ethel Riggs, and to Maggie Gause, Hilda Stinson, Erlene Cox and Lucille Schloss, for securing advertisements and for literary work, and to Gera Wood for the drawings.

The Seniors were very pleasantly honored by the party given them by the Juniors on Saturday, May 15. The merry-making took place in the gymnasium, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. After a guessing contest, in which Maggie Gause, '09, was the winner of a beautiful class pillow, dainty refreshments were served.

## Calendar of May Events.

Friday, May 7—8 p.m.: Piano recital of Lily Kate King.

Friday, May 14—8 p.m.: Piano recital of Maggie L. Gause.

Saturday, May 15—3 p.m.: Senior party given by the Juniors.

Friday, May 21—8 p.m.: Recital of the School of Music.

Wednesday, May 26—3 p.m.: Tea to the successful guessers of the writers of the "Real Diary of a Higbee Girl", given by Maggie Gause and Ethel Riggs.

8 p.m.: "King Rene's Daughter," presented by the Higbee Dramatic Club.

Thursday, May 27—4:30 p.m.: Class Day exercises and reception.

Friday, May 28—8:15 p.m.: Graduating exercises.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL BY

MISS LILY KATE KING.

Assisted by Miss Grace Shelton, So-

piano; Miss Annie Mayhew, Pianist,  
Friday, May 7, 1909.

### Program.

Beethoven—Sonata Op. 2, No. 3.

Adagio-Allegro Assai.

Schumann—Warum.

Chopin—Valse Op. 70, No. 1.

Grig—Aus Holberg's Zeit.

Prelude-Rigaudon.

Rachmaninoff—Prelude Op. 3, No. 2.

Cantor—As the Dawn.

Lohe—Two Little Irish Songs.

Del Aquila—Le Vilanelle.

Miss Shelton.

Scharwenka—Concerto in C Minor,  
Last movement.

(Orchestral parts on second piano)

Miss Mayhew.

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## PIANOFOORTE RECITAL BY

MISS MAGGIE LEWIS GAUSE.

Of the Class of 1909.

Assisted by Miss Katherine Bass, Soprano; Miss Mabelle Clare Foster, Pianist; Miss Grace Shelton, Accompanist, Friday, May 14, 1909.

## Program.

Handel—Hornpipe.  
Handel—Aria.  
Meyer-Helmund—Nocturne.  
Sinding—March Grotesque.  
Bach—Solfegietto (for left hand alone).  
Moszkowski—Jugglers, Op. 52, No. 4.

Schubert—Wer ist Sylvia.  
Vander Stucken—Kom' Mit Mir in der Fruhlingsnacht.  
St. Saens—My Heart at thy Sweet Voice.

## Miss Bass.

Weber—Concerto in C Major  
Andante-Finale  
(Orchestral Parts on Second Piano)  
Miss Foster.

## PIANOFOORTE AND VOICE RECITAL,

Friday, May 21, 1909.

## Program.

Mozart—Allegro and Cadenza,  
from Concerto in C Major,  
Miss Mayola Black.  
(Orchestral parts on second piano)

Beethoven—Farewell to the Pianofoorte.  
Greig—Elftentau—Miss Lucille Schloss.  
Liza Lehmann—If I Built a World for You—Miss Mildred Oursler.

Mendelssohn—Confidence.  
Rubenstein—Romance in E Flat—Miss Margaret Kincaid.

Mendelssohn—Songs Without Words,  
Nos. 9 and 39—Miss Clyde Swapskin.  
Greig—Norwegian Bridal Procession  
—Miss Sadie Lee Yates.

Slater—A May Day Morn—Miss Margaret Kincaid.

Chopin—Polonaise in A Major—Miss Lonnie Lee Allen.

Weber—Allegro from Concerto in C Major—Miss Mabelle Clare Foster (orchestral parts on second piano)—Miss Lottie Russell.

Nevin—Mighty Lak a Rose,  
Hawley—Because I Love You,  
Miss Elise Bass.

Godard—Mazurka — Miss Russell Henderson.

Nevin—A Day in Venice—Gondoliers  
Goodnight—Miss Hazel Frisell.

Penn—The Nightingale—Miss Grace Shelton.

McDowell—Shadow Dance.  
Moszkowski—E'tincelles—Miss Myrtle Clausel.

Hummel—Larghetto from Concerto  
in B Minor—Miss Grace Shelton (orchestral parts on second piano).

## Program.

Wednesday, May 26.

Prelude — Two scenes from Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

(a) Dorothy Gilliland; (b) Martha Wheeler—Members of the Junior Class in Expression.

## "KING RENE'S DAUGHTER."

A Danish Lyrical Drama.

Dramatic Personae.

King, Rene, of Provence. . . Hazel Frizzell  
Count Tristan, of Vandemont. . . Mal Scott  
Sir Geoffrey, of Orange. . . Dorothy Carr  
Sir Almerik. . . . . Clementine Miller  
Egn Jahlia, a Moorish Physician. . . . .

..... Mary Gwynn Gause  
Bertrand ..... Hallie Greer  
Martha, Bertrand's Wife ..... .

..... Annie Anderson  
Isanthe, King Rene's Daughter ..... .

..... Laura Walker  
The scenes lie in Provence, in the valley of Vaucluse. Time, the middle of the

fifteenth century.  
Scene 1—Count Tristan, when nine

years of age, was betrothed to King Rene's daughter, a babe of one year. Terms made with Burgundy upon the conclusion of a truce with the King.

Scene 2—When Count Tristan attained years of manhood he rebelled against the betrothal to the girl he had never seen, and, with a friend, wandered from his own country.

Scene 3—Isanthe confides her secret, after which she is enlightened upon her own sad condition of blindness by her father, who believes in her ultimate recovery.

Scene 4—Restoration of Isanthe's sight, and of the compact made with Burgundy.

Mr. Lawrence Herzog, Violinist, pupil of Miss Klein.

## Class Day

The Class Day exercises this year had an added charm, from the fact that they took place out of doors on the west campus. Admission was by ticket only, the gatekeepers being Emma Boothe, '07; Grace Watson, '07; Laura Davis, '08; Anna May Ewing, '08; Pettie Risk, '08; and Irene Schloss, '08. The guests were seated by the members of the Junior Class and by the incoming Freshmen.

The program was opened by a procession of the Higbee Girls, who marched to the music of an orchestra. The aides, two of whom, Eulalie Ashner, '11, and Cary Wieseger, '11, headed the line, wore the garlands of the Senior Class flowers, the brown-eyed Susan. The children of the Primary and Intermediate departments each had a large yellow chrysanthemum on the left shoulder. The Freshmen, headed by Mary Gwynne Gause, '12, aide, wore dark red rose wreaths in the hair and a single flower at their belt. The Sophomores, whom Dorothy Samelson, the other 1912 aide, led, carried a double daisy chain. Next came the Juniors, wearing sweet pea

garlands, while the Seniors closed the procession. The following program was enjoyed:

## Program.

Address of Welcome—Mary Albright.  
Piano—Waltz —(Gause) — Margaret Gause.

Crumbs of Comfort—Lucille Schloss.

Song—It's Never Been Done at Higbee Before—Ward—Class of 1909,  
Class Prophecy—Hilda Stimson.  
Song—"Problems"—Gaea Wood and Class of 1909.

Senior Charge—Ethel Riggs.  
Junior Reply—Katharine May Bass, '10.

Piano—"Cradle Song (King)—Lidy Kate King.

Gifts—Gaea Wood.  
Song—"The Pocketbook" (Ward)—Quartet.

Class Will—Margaret Gause.  
Song—"All Hail!" (Bowden)—Class of 1909.

Accompanist—Marjorie Patrick.  
Quartet—Gaea Wood, Lucille Schloss, Mary Albright, Margaret Gause.

Immediately after the program, the Junior Class presented the guests to the following receiving line:

Miss Albright, President of '09.  
Miss Gause, Vice President of '09.  
Miss White, Principal of Higbee School.

Mrs. Barnes, President of the Alumnae Association.

Miss Pimm, Principal of Higbee School.

Miss Wood, Secretary of '09.  
Miss Schloss, Treasurer of '09.

Frappe was served by the officers of 1911 and 1912 and by representatives of 1913.

## Address of Welcome

It is a joyous welcome which 1909 extends to you, her guests on Class Day. As Sophomores and Juniors, we

have been welcomed as undergraduates. Now, in turn, we feel it an honor to extend a cordial greeting to all—to those whose class days lie in the future, and to those whose school days lie in past years.

1909's school days have passed all too quickly, and now as we proceed to make merry of our faults and our successes and to help with sage advice our younger sisters, we pause once more to give you greeting.

### Crumbs of Comfort

Whatever our lot in school, 1909, there is one person who has not favored us with his or her presence—the Comforter. We've had the sympathizer, the person who could readily draw out her countenance to more than twice its usual length, who could drop the corners of her mouth and put a world of pathos in her voice, as she said, "I'm awfully sorry!" But she didn't comfort, did she, 1909.

So, girls, as I thought of the things that have been a comfort to us in our misfortunes, I determined to tell them to you, not to recall unpleasant episodes, but that when you had left this undergraduate life, everything in it would remain in her memory as a pleasure.

First of all, girls, there's the awfully habit that some people have of sympathizing with us for the loss of our Senior privileges. Perhaps we have been a bit unhappy at times, when we wanted to talk just terribly and couldn't. But then there was always the possibility of fixing one's eye on the clock at such intervals and saying, "In just four hours and sixteen minutes we'll be out of school and then we can do as we please."

Then, again, I think we were a little wrought up at times when we had an English theme, a Virgil lesson of 190 lines, a French quiz, and a Chemistry note-book, all due on the next day, and

an engagement for the same evening. But after all, after you had sat up until one, read until your head was ready to burst, and finally crawled into bed more dead than alive, you could always say, "Well, what doesn't get done will just be undone, and no teacher can kill me outright."

Then when class meetings came and we got awfully mad at every one else in the class because she just wouldn't be sensible and see the matter from the right point of view, why, there was always some consolation in being able to shrug one's shoulders, look out the window, and say: "Not that I care in the least! If you want to run things as they're completely spoiled, I don't see why it should concern me!"

Of course, too, these things are mere nothings beside the times when we just had things to do that were simply horrid and disagreeable, and we didn't want to do at all. For instance, there was the time when you lost your best friend's outline book that you had borrowed. And your best friend, too, was not the "happy-go-lucky, don't care" sort. But you had to tell her, so as you looked about for comfort, you repeated to yourself between your teeth, "Well, if I must, I must."

Of course, everybody's had the experience of being snubbed. Being a Senior and being snubbed! It's too much for any one. Your German went all wrong, although you knew that perfectly, and then Latin was all out of whack, because you'd let that slide to get your German. And then at noon your chum spent all her time talking to some one else—just a little Freshman at that—about a boy you didn't know. And feeling sort of queer and decidedly out of place, you had sauntered over to another group of girls only to find them discussing something which quieted down when you arrived. You decided they had been talking about you, and when the teacher in next class blamed

you for not knowing what the lesson was it was just too much. Not a shred of comfort far or near. You could only put your books down on your desk rather forcibly and say, "Well, I sure am thankful it's only two months to graduation, and then I'll be through with it all, and can get everybody and everything."

But nothing could compare with the day when you had planned to meet a very nice somebody to go to the matinee on Friday afternoon and you had forgotten your note for Tuesday's absence. There was nothing for it but to wait, imagining what the somebody was saying all to himself! And then it had suddenly occurred to you to try the prescribed formula for waiting. First, you closed your eyes and imagined yourself lying in a hammock under a cool, shady tree. Then you imagined the smell of the woods after a heavy rain, then the taste of a toasted marshmallow, and just as you were going to double up your fist, shake it vigorously, and say, "What of it, what of it!" in order to completely forget your woe, even this bit of comfort was snatched from you by the sound of a voice saying, "The fourth page of this dictionary," which brought it all back.

Worst of all these troubles, girls, was the day of the report card. Of course, you hadn't expected 95 in everything, but then, again, you knew your people hadn't expected you to get 75 in anything, and yet it was there in black and white. Then the world seemed bluer than ever before, as if no happiness could ever come your way again, until even that found its way of comfort, too. "Why," say you to yourself, "it's only 75, it's done, and mother won't like it that it's not 95." But, after all who's going to care a hundred years from now, or even ten, or even five, three, or even one? Perhaps even a month from then you would be able to smile again, and there was a bit of comfort in that.

So, 1909, I've tried to recall to you a

few of our misfortunes, but to force upon you the memory of the unpleasant, but that you might realize how completely free from any blame we were in all these instances.

Seniors, today no comfort is necessary, unless it be that in spite of all these happenings here we are all a little bit sad at going away from it all into new things. Again, let me say, "Cheer up, girls," and this time may I add this bit of comfort?—After all, other people have survived and seem even to have been happy in their change. Perhaps we may be, too.

### It's Never Been Done at Higbee Before.

(1)

Has your best friend ever sickened suddenly,

And sent word to you in agony of fright,  
"Dearest, can't you hand my paper in for me?"

Have you told the teacher of her sudden plight?

Had her answer, "Did she miss the matinee?"

Have you begged her to excuse and heard her say,

"It's never been done at Higbee before.

Her consequences she must take;

I cannot help the poor girl's fate;  
It's never been done at Higbee before.

(2)

Has a Higbee maiden ever made request?

"Dear Miss White, you know my mother's friend is here,

And she'll only stay a week as mother's guest."

Where Miss White has sweetly said,  
"Why, that, my dear.

Needs no further explanation—you may go."

Has the friend of mother's then appear a beau?

No, it's never been done at Higbee before,  
 It's never been done at Higbee before.  
 Has the friend of mother's changed  
 to be  
 A six-foot lad of twenty-three?  
 It's never been done at Higbee before,  
 (3)  
 If you really haven't liked our Class  
 Day,  
 All we ask of you, when everything is  
 past,  
 Is that you'll review the facts and gently  
 say,  
 "Though the point of all the jokes I've  
 had to ask,  
 Still you've really made a very pretty  
 fete,  
 With the outdoor plan it's really up to-  
 date,  
 And it's never been done at Higbee be-  
 fore."  
 It's never been done at Higbee before,  
 As a "made at Higbee" new Class Day,  
 This is the first outdoors, we say,  
 It's never been done at Higbee before.

### Class Prophecy.

One day, as I sat in my office working on my wireless apparatus, almost perfected for signaling Mars, I was surprised by a sudden whirling sound. Looking out from my window on the 44th floor, I was stunned to see an immense airship anchoring a short distance off. Imagine my delight, when I saw floating into space, but directed toward my window, my old classmate, Russell Henderson, clad in white polar bear skins from head to foot, and with wings on her feet, with which she propelled herself.

After enthusiastic greetings, we sat down to talk around my lump of radium instead of the old study hall register. I told in a few words how, after leaving Higbee, I had gone to the University, then to Columbia, and, then, being in-

terested in communication with Mars, I had become known as one of the enthusiastic scientists in this line of work.

Russell then told of her experience since graduation twenty-three years before. She said that soon after her departure from school, she had inherited a large fortune, provided she would endeavor to find the South Pole in an airship. She confessed that she was now the most reckless of aviators and liked nothing better than a dash to Europe and back again in a few hours.

Finally, our talk drifted to our old classmates, and we wondered where they were. To be sure, there were several whom I had either seen or heard of. On my desk lay a dainty circular from Patrick & Co., Importers of Fine Goods. Our old friend, Marjorie, was at the head of it and because of her wonderful sense of color, had built up a remarkably successful business.

Speaking of Marjorie, reminded me of Annie Taylor, who had been so fond of printing paper dolls. I was delighted to hear that she had become landscape gardener-in-chief to the Grand Panjandrum of Africa, and had turned a desert wilderness into a scene of wonderful beauty. Remembering Annie's bashfulness in school, I could not imagine her accompanied by the body guard of 1500 natives which Russell said she had. Annie had chosen that odd number, it seems, in honor of the class she graduated with. Russell had visited Annie on her last air-trip around the globe.

Just at this moment, Russell said she would have to go to a bank to deposit some checks, and asked me to recommend a safe one. That of Ethel Riggs came at once to my mind. Ethel had become so enamored with collecting money and making out checks, when Business Manager of The Sphinx, that in place of being a detective, as she had planned, she started in as adding clerk, and from there she had risen rapidly.

She was, at the time of which I speak, the president of one of the most conservative banks of New York.

After Russell's departure, the morning mail, together with a package by air express, was brought me. Among the letters, I found the following:

"On Board the U. S. Torpedo Boat  
 SPHINXLET,  
 Off African Coast.

Dear Hilda:

I am sending you by air express a box of precious stones, among them some diamonds. I met our old classmate, Mary Albright, last time I was on shore leave. She is one of the best known diamond exporters in this part of the country, and knowing my fondness for jewels, gave me an opportunity to buy some very cheap. We lieutenants are not allowed to wear diamonds, so I am sending them to you. If you run across Lidy Kate, whom I understand is in New York, please give her a big one, with my best wishes, as a reminder of our Senior recitals.

As ever yours,

MAGGIE L. GAUSE,  
 1st Lieutenant."

Imagine my amazement to receive such a letter from our famous basket ball captain! I was eager to know more about her, so I decided to look for Lidy Kate. In the directory, I found "Lidy Kate King, Politician, 283d floor, Woman's Building." Calling for my airship, I made my way to her office, and, after a long wait, was admitted. Sure enough, Lidy Kate was a politician in its truest sense. I found she had been the last campaign manager in the last Presidential election, and had elected her candidate, Eryne Cox, who was to be installed in the White House next March. I congratulated her when I heard that she was to be appointed a member of the Cabinet, as Minister of Music.

Lidy Kate, however, had a surprise for me when I asked her about Maggie. It seems, Maggie went to college, and

then decided she wanted a more dashing career. Through the efforts of Mabel Clare Foster, one of our most noted Woman's Suffragists, then all-powerful, Annapolis had been opened to women. Maggie was at once appointed as midshipman, and, after graduating, had spent her time traveling from place to place on warships. Lidy Kate told me Maggie looked exceedingly well in her pale blue uniform, with zatty short skirt and long coat with many buttons. The news of Mabel Clare, as a supporter of Woman's Rights, amazed me very much, and I asked for her address, thinking I would get into wireless communication. She was then in Alaska, conducting a campaign for a woman governor. Lidy Kate was much pleased with her new diamond, which quite outshined the one on the fourth finger of her left hand.

My office girl had left the day before, or rather, I had discharged her for going to the ball game, so I decided to insert an advertisement in the Woman's Clarion. Whom did I see, as I was leaving the building, but Gaea Wood! She was sitting at a desk, piled high with papers. Messengers were hurrying hither and thither, but Gaea was calm, quite unlike her school-girl self. She was now editor-in-chief of the immense daily, a power in finance and politics. Gaea, hospitable as ever, invited me to go to luncheon at the University Club, of which she was founder and president. She pressed a button, a door in the wall opened, and a pneumatic tube, with carriage for two, was waiting for us. We entered—I will confess I was not without misgivings—and in a few seconds we shot over to the club buildings. Gaea was greeted on every side. Hardly had we seated ourselves, when a waitress (of course, there were only waitresses in this woman's age) brought us a note. The writing was large and had a familiar look. Sure enough, it was from Lucille Schloss. She wanted



us to come over to her table to eat with her. Of course, we went, for I was anxious to hear about Lucille. Lucille had a large box of Allegretti's open, which she nibbled while waiting for luncheon. She looked prettier than ever, and still laughed as merrily. She told me she was married to a man whose name I recognized as that of a leading millionaire. Lucille had her winter house in New York, a summer home in Hawaii, as well as cottages in Alaska and Switzerland. If I had not known how much she had enjoyed playing housekeeper in her school days, I should have wondered how she kept things going at so many places.

But of all the studious class of 1909, Willie Abney was the only one who had become a teacher. She was professor of Greek in the Woman's University, the author of many text books, and an authority on Grecian matters. Lucille had just presented the university of which Willie was also president, with ten millions, to endow a chair of "Telephone Conversations." I was so overcome with what Lucille told me about herself and Willie, that I could hardly eat my luncheon. I managed to do so, and summoned by airmail, by mental telepathy, to take me to my office. Gaea had an engagement at a press convention and Lucille was to spend the afternoon at a reception. So we parted, and I darted through space to my office. Just as I entered the door, my largest instrument began to sputter and sparks began to fly. At last, I had established wireless communication with Mars.

### Problems.

#### 1.

If a girl at Higbee plans her course,  
To stay the four years through,  
And takes her English every year,  
And Math. for three years, too,  
If Latin claims a pile of time,  
And language she takes,

If Science exercise her mind,  
How wise she graduates!

#### Chorus.

Problems such as these have we;  
Higbee is no snap, you see,  
Do not let your work pile up,  
Never do it late,  
Then, perhaps, when you're grown up,  
You will graduate.

#### 2.

If a student has her evening free,  
With not a thing to do,  
But get a Virgil lesson long,  
And write a theme or two,  
If she runs her eye at sixteen books,  
And learns a Chem'stry fact,  
If the time should ever come to rest,  
Would that girl know how to act?  
Chorus.

#### 3.

If CS2 makes Mary sick,  
So cumpher won't restore,  
If Annie Taylor racks her brains,  
On debates in English Four;  
If the year contained two hundred days,  
Before Commencement date,  
How many times could Margaret Bruce  
Arrange to come in late?  
Chorus.

#### 4.

If the Virgil class can sing a chant,  
Three seconds to each line,  
If Oliver weaned up the clock  
At sixteen minutes to nine,  
If Forensics of three thousand words  
Are thirteen pages long,  
How soon will every person laugh,  
At each joke in this song?  
Chorus.

#### 5.

If basket ball is finest fun,  
And Field Day sports aren't tame,  
And every time we're pressed to death,  
When Higbee wins the game,  
If writing Sphinxlets is much joy,  
And the Magazine's all gloe,  
What happy times can you girls plan

For next year yet to be?  
Chorus.

### Senior Charge.

To all undergraduates, and to the Class of 1910, especially, greetings:

The time, so long and anxiously awaited, has come for us to entrust the Annual, the Magazine and the many Senior duties to the Class of 1910.

As we leave these halls, it is a comfort to us to know that you, dear 1910, are so well fitted for Seniorhood. All through your Junior year we have tenderly watched you, and marked with pleasure the development of your many sterling qualities; and now, as you stand ready to receive from us our Senior mantle, we find you possessed of staidness, industry and economy, qualities so requisite for the continuance of the work which we, 1909, have so nobly forwarded.

Even though you are small and have only seven regular members in your class, yet who knows what you may accomplish by your well known diligence and thrift.

It is a joy to us to know that you enter into your duties as Seniors, not as we did, shrieking and trembling, but smiling and joyous, unawed by the many tasks which await you, and in the full confidence of your strength. Even as Juniors, you have shown us that you are perfectly capable of accepting these trusts.

How deeply the Seniors thank you for the many helpful hints which you have given us! Was it not your class who, as a whole, said that with more stories, a different cover, jokes more easily understood, fewer advertisements and more pages, our paper might be worth your while to read it? And did not each one in your class kindly write for us several stories, perfect gems to you, with which to make our paper more interest-

ing? However, all of these stories, with one or two exceptions, we have left in the care of our dear teacher, Miss Dix.

But the Sphinx, a foretaste of which you had this year. How nobly did your class strive to fill with advertisements the pages of our annual from cover to cover! Did you not proudly and willingly turn over to the Advertising Manager of the Sphinx the magnificent sum of thirteen dollars and fifty cents (\$13.50)? How many weary days did you trudge up and down our principal thoroughfares, chaperoned by several Seniors, to attain this glorious sum! Yes, 1910, as Advertising Manager, and Literary Editors of the Sphinx and Magazine, you have proved yourselves wholly efficient.

How proudly the underclassmen can point to you as models of self-sacrifice, for did you not nobly make it known throughout the school that, under no circumstances, would you accept a ten, given you by the Seniors, in return for your invaluable services! Even though you did designate it as a "little, old tea," still 1909 knows that you did this only through fear that we would tender you some recognition of your aid.

But no more of this, 1910. I see you already turning that deep rose color of your sister class, the Freshmen. Your virtues are many, dear 1910, but none of them is perhaps more striking than that of modesty, for we have heard that some time ago you selected a class motto—"Modesty is the best policy." We think it a bit inappropriate in view of your career this year, but still we shall hope for the best from you as Seniors.

Dear 1910, let us suggest that you do not form habits of extravagance in your Senior year, but that you adhere most rigidly to the rules of economy which you have so well practiced this past year. Follow the same policy towards your creditors next year that you have this, and put off paying your debts un-

ill you think they have been forgotten.

What a praiseworthy sight it has been to see you, congregated in peaceful groups, diligently writing out your class yells, in order to save your members the exorbitant price of three cents each, which the Seniors would have charged you for printing them.

Doubtless you are acquainted with the old motto, "Haste makes waste," and thought to inculcate your habits of economy in the under classes by your examples of stolidness and slow movements. No one, in the wildest moments of enthusiasm, could accuse the class of 1910 of extravagance.

But, 1910, do not be offended if we remind you of your faults, for even you are not wholly perfect. Just as we sometimes find a flaw in the most perfect of jewels, so we find some faults in this most exemplary of classes. You lack secrecy, 1910. Through the indiscretion of some of your members we have been able to learn the name of your receiver of the spade. This knowledge did not come to us, however, through any spy, as some of the members of your class suspected. We wonder if any of your members could have told a boy.

And now, just a few words of advice to our sister class, 1911, who will inherit our faults and virtues. What if you did become furiously angry, dear little sisters, because we accused you of lacking class spirit? We apologized for it in the next issue of our paper, did we not? But as older sisters, who have endured and suffered much, we want to give you just a little advice. Do not follow the path laid down by 1910, but *ever* to the line cut by us, your sister class. Follow the example of the sage Freshman in their plan for choosing next year's officers, and select girls, not for their popularity, beauty or wisdom, but for their ability to use big words. But we are proud of you for your size, your spirit, and your devotion, even though we did coach you when to applaud.

And now to our babes, 1912. How can any words of mine be heeded by a class who dares choose as its emblem—the owl, the wisest of birds. And yet, this opportunity must not pass, for in a short while we shall be unable to give you sage as well as fond advice. But really, 1912, I will not expose your weakness, only do not always lay claim to the campus swing; others, besides yourselves, may wish to sit there in the morning and enjoy the traffic on Land-erhouse street.

And now, to 1913, our incoming Freshmen, our best love and the advice: Follow the advice of your big sisters, 1911, in loyalty and enthusiasm for Higbee.

But to return to our beloved successors, 1910, whom already I see viewing with eager eyes this coveted spade; but before I give it to you waiting, I ask from you two favors.

One concerns your sister class, the Freshmen. All through this year we have been pained and grieved at your peculiar attitude towards them. Why have they, little 1912, come to us, the Seniors, with their woes? In place of seeking aid from you, 1910, their rightful helpers, they have been afraid to secure from your outline books the best review of "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," or the best translation in Latin Can it be on account of your austerity, of your hardness of heart, of your coldness, that they have shunned you? Oh, 1910, try your Senior year to change from this self-centeredness. For you are self-centered and cold, 1910. This trait of character caused you to turn a stranger from your doors, who, finding refuge in the ranks of our beloved sister class, 1911, covered them with glory on Field Day. This same self-esteem caused you to try to usurp our seats in the Study Hall before Senior days were really yours. Strive to be more worthy of your rank as Seniors, 1910, other-

wise we shall be afraid to entrust to you these duties.

And now, 'ere this cherished spade leaves our hands and you take up in our place the duties and pleasures of a Senior, let us ask that you hold us in loving memory. We have our faults, we know, and throughout our entire Senior year we have been conscious of and deplored them. But let the hasty words that we have uttered, and the thoughtless actions that we have committed, be forgotten. Let only our good qualities remain in your minds, as yours will remain in ours. In departing, let us feel that we leave our memory engraved on your hearts.

And finally, 1910, we wish that your Senior year shall be as happy and as successful for you as your past years have been.

### Junior Reply.

Dear 1909, we are greatly flattered at this gift, this beautiful spade, which you have presented us. But why this cleanliness, 1909? Is it possible that neither mental digging nor digging for the class tree has left any stains upon its undimmed surface? By the way, Seniors, where is your class tree? Is it a product merely of the imagination, like the party for the ads., which you, revered class, were to give, or have you decided that the memory of your presence will linger with us so long, that there is no need of a visible reminder?

It is true, 1909, that we shall remember you; for who could forget you? Who could forget the people who sent up that awful wail of anguish at the removal of their Senior privileges? And why did you lose them, 1909? It is impossible for any one to know, yet some one might surmise.

We thank you, Seniors, for your kind advice. Indeed, it is to be appreciated coming from those who, for three long

years, have counted themselves our superiors—that is, the very few of you who have been here for three long years. Yes, 1909, you have a goodly number this afternoon, but how many have you lost by the wayside? Was their surrender caused by the many shots of the Latin department, or by the lesser artillery, the bolts of Cupid?

Your advice on social events we do prize, for it will be particularly valuable as we near the festivities of Senior year. As a class, you have shown remarkable fondness for social occasions—not always at the most opportune times, however. You are so in the habit of indulging in the secret nibbling of confections, that you have forgotten occasionally that study hours are for mental instead of physical refreshment. Was it from your zeal to consume the excess of supplies supposedly brought in for the Sphinx, or was it for the tempting force of Alleghretti's which one of your members has been so fortunate as to secure in great quantities? Then, again, 1909, is this fashionable appearance so necessary in securing ads., accompanied by this primping in front of the mirror, this rouge box, this powder puff. Why, even your staid business manager, of whom one would least suspect this frivolity, was caught by Miss Dix in the very act. We will not call it vanity, but if your vain habits were to cease with you, 1909, we could endure them. But when our dear little sister class, 1912, is found bringing to school a complete manicure set, to say nothing of Rosaline and other beauty necessities, we must beg of you, 1909, to repent your deeds. It is too late for you to make amends, but by our naturalness of dress we shall try to set a good example for our younger sisters and overcome your evil effects. But, 1912, in spite of your vanity, which we know is not your fault, we commend you for your promptness in securing your class pin. But how about 1911? Do we not see today

for the first time a beautiful little emblem upon each one of you? We have heard rumors of class meetings, dissensions, nay, almost riotings. But at last you have succeeded in selecting a class pin. Be sure you keep it, 1911, until your Senior year—if you can.

But to return to 1909, in spite of the tendency to "grown-up-ness" which you show, at times, you still retain a wonderful semblance of babyhood. We are surprised we have not seen you playing with your dollies in high glee. For your Senior president does play paper dolls—we have seen her more than once. Not only that, but the standard infant diet, has appeared at times in the corridors—a real bottle.

Speaking of bottles, why do so many of your members have such severe headaches from the odors of chemistry that they must need be excused from school? Would not the camphor bottle, which seems to be such a favorite among you, be sufficient remedy, or do you require mental recreation for your nerves, such as the matinee will afford? Or is it the truth, that chemistry is too hard for you?

We have heard about your having to sit up all night to study. But let us give you a piece of advice, 1909. If you had spent more of your time studying and less in dancing on your front porches, you would not have had to sit up very late.

Speaking of mental diversion, how is it you manage to wile away the weary hours of the morning? How long they must seem until 10:30, when at least one of your members, 1909, has a regular engagement at the telephone! And others of your class, too, we understand enjoy sweet converse by the same means. No wonder one of the literary editors of the Sphinx could write a telling version of the "Live Wire."

We thank you for your kind wishes regarding the management of the Sphinx. Indeed, we congratulate you

on your success in the Annual, 1909. It came up far beyond our expectations, for who could have thought that a class which had had such a hard time with the Magazine could have published anything so very creditable.

And speaking of the Magazine, 1909, is it so difficult to secure material? We acknowledge that more than once we have anticipated the pleasure of running the paper before our Senior days, but, alas, we were doomed to disappointment. 1909 just did manage to get in the material in time, did it not, even if two girls had to do the work. But never mind, dear 1909. Next year we shall establish the precedent of handing down the Magazine, before the close of school, to our successor, that they may have the benefit in at least two cases of our experience and wisdom.

Yes, we are small, 1909; we did not need to have the fact told us, even in your friendly manner. Yet there is a bare possibility of bringing our ten members to an opinion and carrying out their decision with more ease than you apparently have succeeded in doing.

But the shadows are growing longer in proportion as your patience is growing shorter. It is hard to have our faults portrayed, is it not, 1909? Remember, though, that all we have said is only in the most loving spirit. You believe me, do you not, 1909?

### Gifts.

So far as I know, there is no delightful superstition connected with me and my case of gifts. In the holidays it is different—everyone is eagerly expectant for pretty things, but as I come up here, the eager expectancy gives way to guilty dread. Why is it that they should object to receiving these small tokens on which I have spent so much thought and time? I daresay that in most cases the recipient had rather I had overlook-

ed her and passed on to her luckless neighbor. Nevertheless, I have endeavored to slight none of 1909, and have even extended my generosity to a few hapless souls whose habits or appearances are too painfully suggestive to be entirely unnoticed.

Not far back occurred a scene which induced me to make Mabel Clare Foster this little gift, a handkerchief. Just as work began to pile up and Mabel Clare saw no light ahead, she had a nervous attack which resulted in the usual remedy for girls' sorrows. In case she should feel the approach of another such a breakdown, I want to insure her against embarrassment. She might shed tears at having here so soon and again she might not.

Now, Mary Albright, too, might be overcome by the sweet sorrow of parting. Although she is rarely without her camphor bottle, she must have forgotten it today. If, through the tedious periods of the afternoon, Mary had visions of a cool lounging corner at home she forthwith resorts to the camphor bottle, and pressing it close to her weary brow, she trudges to the credulous Miss White with a severe headache. With such an eloquent sponsor, she is dismissed.

Now is Mary the only one who believes in keeping about her certain medicines. Of all the healing lotions I ever saw, Lucille Schloss had the most extravagant. Naturally, to have her personal beauty marred by a rather disfiguring fever blister was enough, but to be continually thinking of how He would think it looked when He came to take her out on Friday night. Oh, what a cruel fate was hers! I dare say He didn't mind so much, after all; but in case she should ever be tormented again by anything quite so tantalizing, here is something to soothe her woes and her fever blister, too.

Now, Miss Jones has an individuality which strikes school girls as being

queer. Instead of growing enthusiastic over Fisher, Christy and Gibson, Miss Jones carries her head high in disdain, firmly declaring that she must have pictures which mean something. Now, this means a whole lot to me, and I think I can safely say it of any girl in the Virgil class. She'll let you see it awhile if her conscience doesn't smite her for the way she has measured out lessons.

Surely nothing could appeal to Marjorie Patrick more than what I have for her.

"Was there e'er a pretty girl  
With a foxy little curl,  
Who thro' man's boom sent no dart,  
And brought not back a wounded heart?"

Such is Marjorie! Take heed, all ye hapless youths, lest a certain susceptible began of yours be strung up with those of your luckless predecessors.

And Elyne Cox! Who would have thought it of Elyne? You see, she is so quiet about herself that it is only by mere chance that circumstances thrust themselves upon my unsuspecting ears. All right, Elyne; don't you care. Take this, and he'll know how and where to put it better than I do.

I don't mean to confine myself to the Senior ranks. It would be like slamming the door in the face of Opportunity to let pass unnoticed the most noticeable characteristics of some of our underclass girls. Why not give Rosalie a lantern when she comes in late day after day with heavy eyelids, saying that she was up so late last night? Of course, no one but a Junior could be quite so important. A Senior would never be caught out on a school night; that is, unless you were there to catch her.

And what could Lily Kate's name suggest but all possible regal pomp and splendor? Let her receive the crown which is her due.

And could anyone give either Annie Taylor or Lily Kate anything and not remember the other? So I have some-

thing for Annie Taylor which suggests her name—this large pair of scissors.

I have a book for Maggie Gause. This is a prayer book. You see, Maggie has become a revered missionary. In order to corral all the erring souls among her friends of the opposite sex, she regularly goes to church only to be followed by a certain number of her constant admirers.

Here is a song for Kate Bass, not only because she has such a wonderful voice, but because she has such a distinct preference for carols.

After considering the matter for some time, I at last decided upon one thing of many which I had thought of giving Hilda. Although Hilda is possessed of an angelic nature as the rest of the Senior class, the furores have come prematurely to a once smooth brow. For that I have made a smiling mask.

Another worthy Senior I must not overlook. There are two or three other things which I had rather have given Ethel. Perhaps I had not better even name them, for it was not until after much pleading on her part, and many solemn promises on mine, that I agreed to give her something which should be no less personal, but not quite so embarrassing. Ethel's steady winter diet, much to the amusement of the school, was milk. In fond remembrance of her second year sustenance, let me present this.

I find here twin dolls, striking likenesses of two boarders. The school could easily guess concerning their identity. Let them must needs be cruelly parted for a few days this summer, let Russell Handerson and Margaret Kincaid cherish those dolls in sweet recollection of after the light bell tete a tete.

Margaret and Russell are not alone in receiving similar gifts. Owing to their attachment for dogs, let Miss Nevis have her Dimple and Miss Dix her Foxy.

Of all the classes that ever called class meetings, 1910 has called the most. I

went home feeling as if I had missed something if, before dismissal, a Junior class meeting was not called. Let me seize upon this opportunity to give their president a megaphone, so that in the future she may preserve her energy. Here you are, Minna.

And of course we don't mean to slight the Sophomores. When a girl comes in late most of the time there is always one thing that she needs. Let Shirley have this alarm clock.

I should like to have given every one gifts, but as one of the speakers has already said, the shadows are growing longer.

### The Pocketbook.

(1)

If a girl has a fad,  
Or on theatres is mad,  
Or is fond of a Senior she knows—  
If she's favored with friends,  
On her afternoon spends,  
At the latest light vaudeville shows—  
If you seek information,  
Her soul's revelation,  
There's always one thing you can offer  
Her friends won't expose her,  
So go for disclosure  
To the one place that gives you the clue,  
O, just take a

Refrain.

Look, look, in her pocketbook;  
My! what a sight you will see!  
O, just take a look, look  
In her pocketbook,  
Full of variety,  
With dance cards, tickets, billet doux,  
With fumbled bills of every hue—  
If you want to know what she's been  
doing,  
Look, look in her pocketbook.

(2)

There's nothing she buys,  
As you will surmise,  
From a party gown to a suit new,

If she wants all complete,  
Beyond all things neat,  
She taketh a sample or two;  
Just watch as she glances  
To see if she fancies  
The pink silk with pale ecru lace  
Cliffon in profusion  
And ribbon confusion,  
It's all in the usual place,  
O, just take a

Refrain.  
(3)

There's a maid in our class,  
'Tis said that she has  
A dear friend whose gender is male.  
Who ten-thirty each day  
In some skillful way  
Doth telephone her without fail  
His fondest intentions,  
With clever inventions,  
What could be the date that they made?  
At least you may guess it,  
She'd never confess it,  
But you'd find just a souvenir laid;  
O, just take a

Refrain.

Encore—

### The Sphinx Bazaar

For we began to plan the Sphinx Bazaar  
one day;  
The proceeds were much needed, our ex-  
penses to defray,  
The girls began to work right well,  
We made the week's toil surely tell,  
There wasn't any reason why the  
Sphinx Fair shouldn't pay  
Alas! things seemed a doubtful rash,  
Precautions were all heeded,  
And still we dared not breathe, but—sh!  
The money came we needed.

### Class Will.

We, the Senior Class of Higbee School, Memphis, Tennessee, being of a sound mind and disposing memory, in our own opinion at least, do make and

publish this, our last will and testament, barely revoking and making void all others by us at any time made.

Section 1—It is our will, and we bequeath and give to our successors, the revered and honored class of 1910:

Item 1—The western portion of the study hall, known as Senior Row, with its ancient and weather-bitten desk, comfortably situated at some distance from the door, to afford physical exercise for the mentally strained Seniors.

Item 2—The opportunity of meeting the guests of note that honor our Alma Mater with their distinguished presence.

Item 3—The much coveted and long-worked for Senior privileges, which, though bequeathed to us by our beloved predecessors, the Class of 1908, have never been legally tendered to us by the proper authorities. So we, therefore, appoint said Class of 1910 our rightful heirs, with the injunction that they secure for themselves said privileges with other privileges as accrued interest.

Item 4—The Sphinx, and that other literary production, the Higbee Magazine, which has prospered so greatly under the wise and careful jurisdiction of our own literary geniuses, with the injunction to publish it regularly and in turn bequeath it at mid-years, for reasons best known to us, to the thoroughly competent and efficient class of 1911.

Item 5—The grave responsibility of being the chief officials in the Higbee Athletic Association.

Item 6—A book on "How to Keep Class Secrets."

Item 7—Lastly, various and sundry little things, such as numerous three thousand word themes; the hat rack; the honor of lending the line, and being excused in spelling.

Sec. 2—To our dear and beloved sister class, the Sophomores, we bequeath and give:

Item 1—The sum of 50 cents, which has been owing to us since our last Field Day, and which is to be collected, if pos-

sible, from our debtors, 1910.

Item 2—Seats in Senior row, left over from the unfortunately small numbers in Class of 1910.

Item 3—Especially to those of the class who enjoy Latin, a pot pony, upon which to catter through their favorite study on pleasant afternoons.

Sec. 3—To the scramblers, 1912, we bequeath:

Item 1—The motto, "Haste makes waste," to be hung in some conspicuous place, to guard against our hasty section.

Item 2—The swing out under the grapevines, which, though in the shadow of the big oak, is not too far to recognize and return nods and smiles from the students in neighboring schools.

Sec. 4—To the undergraduates as a whole we will bequeath:

Item 4—All our old outline books, which will prove an indispensable aid to them, provided that they are allowed to read the same books we enjoyed.

Item 2—The delightful stories told by Miss Pimm in chapel.

Item 3—The far corners in the library out of sight of Miss Dix's watchful eye.

Section 5—We bequeath to all succeeding English classes:

Item 1—The *dear familiar* old brown theme box, together with the 12:30 bell.

Item 2—The oft-repeated injunction that "12:30 means 12:30, and one minute late is as bad as an hour."

Sec. 6—To those, the following individuals, we give:

Item 1—To the manager of the next Sphinx Bazaar the book of instructions, compiled from the hard-earned knowledge of this year.

Item 2—To the advertising agents, the beloved looking glass that hangs between the folding curtains of the study hall, with a powder box and rouge conveniently located.

Item 3—To the 1910 Sphinx Staff, we leave the confidential talks with Miss

Dix and Miss Mevis on the subject of next year's annual.

Item 3—To those persons enjoying quiet chats unmolested by keen eyes and listening ears, we leave the various registries in the study hall.

Item 5—To those who are particularly fond of perfume we will bequeath the many odors of the chemistry laboratory.

Item 6—To all future examination takers we leave the story of the Water Bucket.

Sec. 7—To the Faculty as a whole, we bequeath our best wishes, most sincere thanks and unswerving loyalty now and always.

Sec. 8—To the Faculty individually:

Item 1—To Miss Jones we leave the sporting page of the Commercial Appeal, together with a season's baseball ticket to Red Elm.

Item 2—To Mademoiselle Werner, we bequeath a luxurious class room, a conservatory at one end thereof and a organ at the other.

Item 3—To Miss Dix, a ten-thousand word forensic, to be handed in by Friday noon and corrected by Miss Mevis.

Item 4—To Miss Mevis, a return trip ticket from Pittsburg to Memphis, Time limit to expire next September.

Item 5—To both the last named we tender our most sincere thanks and undying gratitude for the aid and suggestion they have given us in times of trouble.

Lastly, we do hereby appoint and nominate our much beloved principals, Miss Hattie L. White and Miss Mary E. Pimm, our executrices to this, our last will and testament, believing in their skill in carrying out and performing our wishes as herein inscribed.

(Signed) The Class of 1909.

The above-named testator signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, and we herein inscribed our names as

witnesses to same at their request, this 27th of May, 1909.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.  
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.  
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

### All Hail.

All hail! O, Higbee, Alma Mater of the noblest.

All hail! We pledge to thee our love and our loyalty.

We will ever serve  
And from faithfulness ne'er swerve,  
For we truly feel

We owe our wed  
To what thou hast taught us lovingly.

All hail! The green, which stands for  
modesty and vigor

May dear Higbee, flourish whom we  
love in sincerity

### Commencement Program.

Friday, May 28.

Invocation—Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D.

Warum—Schumann.

Prelude—Rachmaninoff — Lily Kate King.

Address to the Graduating Class—  
Rev. L. E. McNair, D.D.

"I Love Thee"—Greig.  
"The Years at the Spring"—Beach—  
Katherine Bass

Reading of Records: Award of Neathness Medal; award of Penmanship Prize; Award of Sites' Attendance Medal; award of Macrae Roman History Medal—Miss Pimm.

Nocturne—Meyer-Helmund—Maggie Lewis Gause.

Presentation of the Elizabeth Denelson Martin Hoffa Memorial Medal for Courtesy—Dr. R. B. Maury.

Presentation of the Higbee Alumnae Scholarship Medal—Mrs. W. E. Barnes.

Presentation of the Jenny M. Higbee Memorial Medal—Mr. A. B. Curry, Jr.

Presentation of the White Mathemat-

ics Medal—Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D.  
"I Once Had a Sweet Little Doll"—  
Nevin.

"The Swallows" — Cowen — Grace Shilton.

Conferring of Diplomas—Miss White.  
Benediction—Rev. L. E. McNair,  
D.D.

### Class Roll.

College Preparatory Course—William George Abhay, Mary Louise Albright, Mabel Clare Foster, Maggie Lewis Gause, Hilda Stinson, Gaea Flyte Wood.

General Course—Elyne Cox, Marjorie Patrick, Ethel Riggs.

Certificate in Music—Maggie Lewis Gause, Lily Kate King.

### Achievements and Honors.

The following is the list of prizes awarded. Jenny M. Higbee Memorial Medal for Literature was presented by Mr. A. B. Curry to Miss Mary Albright. The White Mathematics Medal, presented by Dr. W. T. Thompson, was drawn for by Miss Hazel Frazell, Miss Margaret Kincaid and Miss Lucile Wooten, the prize falling to Miss Margaret Kincaid. The Higbee Alumnae Medal for best scholarship in the Senior Class was presented by Mrs. W. E. Barnes to Miss Ethel Riggs; the next best average was made by Miss Elyne Cox. The Elizabeth Denelson Martin Hoffa Medal for courtesy, presented by Dr. R. B. Maury, was drawn for by Miss Eulalie Ashner, Miss Willie Roach and Miss Dorothy Lake, the medal falling to Miss Eulalie Ashner. With personal and appropriate words of praise of the scholastic worth of each, Miss Pimm presented the Macrae Roman History medal to Miss Elyne Cox, the Faculty Medal for excellence in Latin to Miss Ethel Riggs, The Sites Medal for punctuality, which was drawn for by Miss Laura Walker of the Academic Department, and Miss

Sarah Perkins of the Intermediate, went to Miss Sarah Perkins. The Penmanship prize was presented to Martha Wheeler, of the Intermediate Department. The medals for the best house-keeping in the Home Department were presented to Miss Margaret Kincaid and Miss Russell Henderson. Miss Walker was awarded a medal for expression.

To attain the Honor Roll in the Academic Department, a scholarship of 90 per cent., and for Honorable Mention 85 per cent., both demanding 95 per cent. in conducts, are necessary.

The names of Seniors attaining Honorable mention are, Ethel Riggs, Ertene Cox, Mary Albright, Maggie Gause, Mabel Clara Foster.

Other Academic Classes—Honor roll: Lucille Wooten, '12.

Honorable Mention — Mamie Lamb, '11; Hazel Frazier, '11; Margaret Kincaid, '12; Eulalie Ashner, '11; Katherine Davidson, '10; Mildred Oursler, '10;

Mary Gwynne Gause, '12; Katherine May Bass, '10; Lucille Friedlander, '11; Laura Walker, '11.

The honors in the Intermediate Department were given these students:

Honor Roll—A Class: Irma Hubbard, Elizabeth Overton, Louise Buckingham, Dorothy Lake White, Isabel Skipwith.

B Class—Mildred Toland, Amy Rosenthal, Anne Fowlkes, Hortense Mitchell, Mamie Towles, Matilda Overton, Alice Lake.

C Class—Dorothy Gilliland, Sara Perkins, Elizabeth Tachudy, Mayola Black, Bertha Simeth, Evelyn Jones.

D Class—Martha Wheeler.

E Class—Anne Perkins, Minety Miller, Ruth Smythe.

Honorable Mention — Intermediate Department: A Class, Ruth Cunningham; B Class, Jessie McCormack; D. Class, Minnie Richards, Lucy Vance Miller; E. Class, Mary Abbey Leatherman.



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